

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE

A. T. Parker Sept 10 MORALS.

VOLUME XIII, NUMBER 48

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SUNDAY, JANUARY 29, E. M. 305

PUBLISHED WEEKLY; \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

\$1.00 A YEAR.



Charles L. Moore
Editor

TERMS OF THE BLADE.
1 issue for one year \$1.00.
In clubs of five NEW subscribers,
50 cents each, \$2.50 for five.
Terms—\$1.00 per year, in advance;
foreign subscription, \$1.50.
Five New subscribers sent one year
for \$2.50.

Make all Money Orders, Drafts and
Express Orders payable to the
Blue Grass Blade, Lexington, Ky.

When you change your address ad-
vise this office giving your old as
well as the new address.

When you send your subscription say
whether you are a new or old
subscriber.

Place of publication—155 W. Short St.
Lexington, Kentucky.

Entered at the post office at Lexing-
ton, Ky., as Second Class Mail
matter.

Address all communications to
BLUE GRASS BLADE, P. O. BOX
893, Lexington, Kentucky

Payable Telephone 615.
"Unpublished" Telephone 897
(From J.C. Chicago Blade)

A BABY EVANGELIST
In six-year-old Lawrence Lennis,
"the baby evangelist" of Burlington,
Iowa, is another boy wonder. With
the power of a fervid orator, this
youngster expounds the scriptures.
He is now conducting revival services
in the vicinity of his home, and is
nightly greeted with crowded
churches.

Although he has had no schooling,
he can repeat chapter after chapter
of the Bible accurately, and he also
delivers long, interesting and earnest
discourses on Bible texts. Many con-
versions have resulted from his meet-
ings.

In speaking of his career, Law-
rence said: "I felt inspired to teach
the true gospel of Christ when I was
2 1/2 years old, and told my mother of
the divine call, explaining that God
had prepared me for evangelistic
work. She said I was too young to
preach, but I kept right on embracing
the calling."

"I preached before large congrega-
tions when I was but 4 years old,
which was the beginning of my evan-
gelistic work. I never attended school
in my life, neither have I received
any information concerning the Bi-
ble. God teaches me all I know. By
his power I may have wisdom and
might. I can read and write. No
one ever taught me."

Rev. Lennis is a champion liar and
will make a big success if he can
keep out of the penitentiary long
enough.

BIBLE PROHIBITION N. G.
I have received from Vinton, Iowa,
a printed article against wine drink-
ing by E. G. Chase, Rogerville, Iowa.
It uses the New Testament to show
that wine drinking is wrong. All
kinds of liquor drinking are wrong,
but you can't prove it by the Bible.
Jesus made wine and gave it to
people to drink at a wedding supper.

"And he took the cup (of wine) and
blessed it and gave it to his disci-
ples, and said, Drink ye all of it," and
a man who does not drink wine can-
not be a true Christian.

DELAYED

**CAUSE THE HOME-MADE LIGHT-
NING KICKED OUT OF
THE TRACES.**

The Blade of January 22 came into
port three days overdue because our
handman lightning got on a ram-
page-strike or something; got the
idea of striking from that the Old
Boss makes, and first played the de-
lity for about the millionth part of a
second, damaging the main motor of
the office so that it took two or three
days to get into shape for grinding
out the gospel.

The home-made article of light-
ning is as bad as that imported from
heaven, sometimes when it gets on
its axis.

Brother Hughes is plucky, however,
and the next paper comes sooner.

All the people combined who got
up the Bible-J. C. and H. G. included
—did not know as much about light-
ning as the one infidel Edison.

Job says, "Chast thou send light-
nings that they may go and say unto
thee, here we are." Job, writing un-
der the inspiration (nixy) thought
that to make the lightnings talk
even to say here we are, was one of
the things no man could do, but the
Heathen Japs can lick the Christian
Russians at 12 o'clock noon of any
day, and by 6 o'clock in the morning
of that same day, six hours before the
fight comes off, we can read all the
particulars printed in Lexington and
sent to me by telephone eight miles
in the country. All the miracles J. C.
ever performed jammed into one, by
a tobacco screw, would not amount
to that one thing done by an infidel.

And then Marconi, who I suppose is
another infidel, can do as wonderful
as that without any lightning—talk to
a man thousands of miles away from
the ocean and not even know where
the man is.

Some Christians smart aleck will
say that Edison and Marconi could
not raise the dead like Jesus raised
Lazarus. Now, listen. With my
own hands, using a spade, in Lexing-
ton, in the center of the Lexington
base ball grounds and in the presence
of 500 or 1,000 people, I did the main
part of the digging that was neces-
sary to dig up a man who had been
buried 5 feet deep as long as Lazarus
was, the man being in a coffin, wrapped
in a shroud in the usual way
and the circumstances under which
the man lived, supposing him to be
alive—and he certainly looked like a
dead man—were ten times as hard to
live under as those under which Laz-
rus was placed as I learn from read-
ing the New Testament and from
having gone down into and carefully
examined the grave of Lazarus, at
Bethany, in Judea. I saw the man,
whose name I do not now remember,
taken out of the coffin that I had
assisted in raising up out of the grave
get out of the coffin and walk through
hundreds of people, in his grave
clothes, to a carriage in which he was
driven off to Lexington.

I cannot now give you a single
name of a person who witnessed this
with me, except one, and he was the
most important one. That man was
Col. William R. Milward, now living
in Lexington—not a regular "Kentu-
cky Colonel," but a Colonel com-
manding a regiment of Federal sol-
diers for four years in our civil, or
uncivil, war. Col. Milward was there
and is now the most prominent under-
stander in Lexington, and had charge
of the burying of that man, and I
because I was known to be an infidel,
had charge, more than any other one
man, of the burying of him.

Milward and his family were then,
as they are today, among the most
prominent people in Lexington.

He and his whole family are big-
oted Christians of the Methodist
brand, and the family would make up
a pony party ranging from \$10 to
\$1,000 to catch me in a whoppin' big
lie about some religious matter, be-
cause I am an infidel.

Now is a good chance for some of
you Christian people to catch me in a
lie and print it in your papers.

It occurred about ten years ago.

In an address before a large as-
sembly in the Grand Opera House,
Dr. Charles W. Dabney, President of
Cincinnati University, declared "there
are more pet dogs to be found

among aristocratic people in this
country than babies." Very likely,
but as long as the "smart set" prefer
poodles to babies, where is the reme-
dy for this unnatural and unfortunate
condition of things?—Georgetown
Times.

PULPIT HIT BY LIGHTNING.

Guayaquil, Ecuador, Jan. 12.—While
a procession was entering the Catho-
lic church at Cayambe, near Quito, a
thunderstorm broke and the altar
was struck by lightning, setting fire
to the church. A priest and eight
other persons were mortally wounded
two persons were killed by lightning
during the same storm.

DEATHS WHILE PRAYING.

In a Cincinnati paper of January
24, was the following:
"On his knees, and with bowed
head, sending up an humble prayer,
John Duffness, 66, Newport, was sud-
denly stricken with heart disease in
Corpus Christi Roman Catholic
church at early mass yesterday morn-
ing."

In the Courier-Journal of Jan. 25,
occurs the following:
"While kneeling in prayer at the
Hope Rescue Mission with fellow-
fortunates whom he was trying to
save, Enoch Baxter died of apoplexy
last night. He was a famous conver-
sion of Louisville, who since his con-
version, has done active mission
work."

In the Louisville Herald of Jan. 25,
occurs the following:
"After a life replete with vicis-
situdes, Enoch Baxter, aged sixty-six
years, a man who was converted
from infidelity to Christianity and
saved from self-destruction by a wo-
man's smile, died last night at the
Hope Rescue Mission, during the
progress of a service in which he had
taken an active part."

The Herald also says:
"A few months ago Baxter entered
the service industry, and had assumed
a regular position running the
elevator. About a week ago he
came back to the mission."

The headlines about Baxter say:
"MAN SAVED BY WOMAN'S
SMILE DIES IN PRAYER."
Enoch Baxter, Once Prosperous Mer-
chant, Had Planned to Commit
Suicide, But Pretty Face Rescu-
ed Him."

Running an elevator is a perfectly
respectable business, but it is not a
position in which we would naturally
expect to find men who are authori-
ties on theology.

The number of instances in which
this paper reported people dying
while praying seems to be almost
phenomenal when I am making no
special effort to get such cases.

At the same time it is noticeable
that we never read any accounts of
infidels dying while praying.

No man in a sane condition of mind
and body ever prays to die, but all
Christians who are in a normal con-
dition pray to live and to have good
health, and they do this despite the
fact that they believe that as soon
as they are dead they will be in
heaven; so that, if they are honest,
they plainly say that they would
rather be on earth than in heaven.

As between heaven and hell, though
they prefer the former.

Jesus Christ says, "Whoever ye
shall ask in my name, believing ye
shall receive."

—Christians pray to have
their lives spared to them and in
the very act of praying one of two
things is simply bound to be true.

Either the Christian is going
through the performance of praying
without believing that his or her pray-
er is going to be answered, or Jesus
will not do what he has plainly said
he was going to do.

You cannot avoid one or the other
of these conclusions.

How can people who are sufficiently
intelligent about religion to know
that what I am saying is exactly true,
persist in pretending to believe that
religion is true without saying that
all of these people who die while
praying, in a natural condition of
mind, are impostors and praying with
no expectation that their prayers will
be answered? If facts like these
could be found against infidels and
infidelity there would be no end to
the harping of the pulpit and the re-
ligious press about the way God was

showing his disapprobation of infidel-
ity.

We read almost every day about
some villainy done by some priest or
preacher or about some of them fall-
ing dead while they are preaching
and about Christians dying in the act
of praying, or about Christians sub-
siding or getting home.

If only a half-dozen cases of this
kind should be reported in rapid suc-
cession about infidels—Christians,
and especially the preachers, would
go wild with joy over it, and would
not listen to any explanations from
us that it was simply a coincidence
and did not in any way that there was
any God that was mad at us.

You never heard of preachers
preaching sermons on facts of this
kind.

You see that they seem to be rival-
ling each other to get new and sen-
sational things to preach about, but
you are not going to hear of any
preacher calling attention to the fact
that so many preachers die in their
pulpits and so many people die pray-
ing, and so many preachers are
caught in villainy, and especially with
women, and that so many learned
men are forsaking Christianity and
becoming infidels, while nobody is re-
ported to have left infidelity to be-
come Christians, except some miser-
able failure in business who had some
such job as running an elevator.

Preachers cannot afford to be hon-
est even if they desire to be, and they
are not going to try to be.

Their jobs require them to lie and
to hide the truth and they are going
to do that.

**OLD JOE TAYLOR GONE
SHORT ON PLUNKS**

A dispatch to the New York World
states thusly:
"The exclusive information con-
tained in recent special descrip-
tion of the World from Rome that the
Holy See owing to diminution of rev-
enue from France and other coun-
tries of Europe, found some difficulty
in making the annual income meet
the expenses of the Vatican, and that
if the Holy See can't see any better
than the Catholics of the United States
for financial assistance, has received
official confirmation from a letter just
sent by Mgr. Falcone, the Apostolic
Delegate in the United States to the
Catholic hierarchy of the country."

It's a dam shame that those fellows
in Italy will not pay their own
preacher, and not be sending over
here to get us to help them out when
we have our own Pops to pay.

If the Holy See can't see any better
than it does I would recommend bi-
focals. See?

The special dispatch proceeds thusly:
"Consequently, His Eminence the
Cardinal Secretary of State requests
me to make known to all the ordi-
naries of the United States the said
financial difficulties, in the hope that
by their zeal those sources of rev-
enue which have heretofore been
forthcoming from France and Italy,
and of which at present in a very
large measure the Holy See is de-
prived, may be adequately compensat-
ed."

My advice to Joe is to cut France
and Italy off of his subscription list
and tell them to go to hell if they
don't pony up.

The editorial comment in the World
—got the idea from the Blade—says:
"The letter details as such means
the formation of Peter's pence soci-
eties in every diocese, the placing of
Peter's pence collection boxes in ev-
ery church and Catholic institution,
and other pious devices which the
piety of the faithful may suggest."

The nickel-in-the-slot machine is
the thing to try it on with in Lex-
ington.

The preachers in Lexington sort
set down on that machine in an effort
to divert its dividends into the hat
and missionary box—didn't want any
cigars and liquor in them, they said;
get 'em by the box and barrel, but they
won't want to open their heads
on the subject, while we have Irish
peril, and th machine is to be a
means of grace for helping the Rev.
Joe out of the 9 hole.

**Send Dog Fennel in the Orient as
a New Year gift to your friends. We
have them at \$1 postage paid.**

**Start the new year right by paying
your subscription to the Blade.**

REV. SAVAGE

**Discounts Abbott, and as an Infidel,
Makes Old Bob Ingersoll Look
Like 30 Cents.**

When Ingersoll died all the preach-
ers thanked God and as an infidel
would die with him—die as dead as a
mackerel, or door nail, or the devil or
any of those peculiarly dead things.

But Ingersoll was a good, pious,
Campbellite preacher as compared
with Abbott or Savage, two big New
York City preachers.

Tom Paine said, "I believe in one
God," and Roosevelt made an ass out
of himself when he said Tom was an
atheist.

Ingersoll didn't believe in the particu-
lar God of the Jews and Chris-
tians, but he never said he did not
believe in any God, of any brand and
Ingersoll never was certain that there
was not any "hereafter."

Abbott says he don't believe in
any kind of a shout God but he has
had to fix up some kind of a cou-
trapion of that kind so as to hold
down his job—something about as
much like a shout God as one of
these spirit-rapping shots is like a
shout grave-yard shot.

Savage thinks God is something
like whiskey and man something like
a whiskey jug, and that every man
has just as much God in him as he
will hold, so that godly men range
all the way from half-gallon men up
to five gallon men—women not in it,
and it not in them; that is God isn't
whiskey sometimes.

Savage says "God puts himself in
to every living creature, and each
one contains as much of God as it
is possible for it to hold."

Monkeys, snakes, mosquitoes,
deer, rats, polecats and preachers all
have same God in them, because they
are "living creatures."

Of course one of these big fat
church-bell-punchers would have
more God in him than a flea would,
because the preacher is bigger and
his capacity for whiskey—therefore
greater.

Savage goes for Christmas and the
Virgin Mary, savagely, and shows
that, according to the practice of the
different Christian cults Jesus was
born just any where from December
25th on to January 10th.

Savage's sermon will appear in the
Blade, if we have room for it.

**HERCULEANUM AND
CHRISTIANITY.**

It is now proposed to excavate the
whole city of Herculeanum.

It was buried 80 feet deep by Ves-
uvius at the same time that Pompeii
was buried 15 feet over the tops of
its houses in A. D. 79.

Nearly all of Pompeii has been ex-
humed—all the best part—and, in
1903, I saw the whole city very per-
fectly as it was—just how it
looked.

In speaking of the proposed excava-
tion of Herculeanum, the New York
World says:

"In the ruins of Herculeanum are
manuscripts that may contain the
longest writings of Sappho, Menan-
der, Aeschylus, and documents per-
haps that will throw a light upon
the first days of Christianity."

It will be noticed that the world
does not express an opinion that
writings will be found that confirms
the Christian religion.

Herculeanum and Pompeii then and
now, belonged to Rome, of which Pal-
estine, where the Christian religion
originated was a province.

Herculeanum and Pompeii are
about 150 miles from the city of
Rome, the head, to-day, of the Chris-
tian religion.

Those two cities were covered by
Vesuvius, 79 years after Jesus Christ
is said to have been born.

There is now just outside the
walls of Pompeii, a museum contain-
ing thousands of things that were
found in that city, and you can go
into the houses of the city and see
things there like they had been left
about twenty years ago.

Not a thing, of any kind or discrip-
tion, did I see there—and I was on
the lookout—did I think that those
people had ever heard of the Chris-
tian religion.

On the other hand, the whole city
indicated that the people worshipped
the Roman gods, and there were tem-

ples to these gods, and altars upon
which animals were sacrificed to
the gods, and the city had many
statues of these gods.

Herculeanum is 12 miles from Pom-
peii, and both places were the resi-
dences of the rich and learned.

If everything in Pompeii shows that
the people who lived there, A. D. 79,
were heathen, will we probably find
in Herculeanum, evidences of the
truth of Christianity? Nit—also Nixy

**CHRISTIAN WOMAN
BEATS THE RECORD.**

A press telegram from Mason, Neb.
gives an account of a woman named
Mrs. Caroline Joselyn, of whom the
Lexington Leader speaks as "Modern
Bernie."

In the account of Carrie twice al-
ludes to God in reverent terms.

Her husband was a free citizen and
a wealthy farmer but was a good
many years older than his wife.

She fell in love with a young man
who was employed to work on the
place, and the two made a plan to
kill Mr. Joselyn by putting arsenic in
his coffee, and it took her six days
to kill him by slow process.

The young fellow ran off.
She admits she poisoned him, and
her account of her watching the pro-
gress of his dying simply beats the
record.

Moral—if you are a Christian man
and have a young Christian wife,
and there is any good looking young
man around your dignis, don't drink
any coffee. Under those circumstan-
ces, coffee is liable to be bad for
health.

DEAD WHILE TALKING.

Bolton, Idaho, Jan. 17.—Prof. W. D.
Caryle of Spokane, dropped dead on
the platform at the Y. M. C. A. au-
ditorium this evening. He had just re-
turned to address the Northwest Fruit-
growers' Association, and was stricken
with heart failure. He seemed in
good health and responded to the front
of the platform.

"Here we find ourselves at the
dawn of the twentieth century," he
said, "employed in the noblest labor
in which man can engage, that of
working in the vineyard planted by
the Lord God Almighty; at that in-
stance he was stricken and was dead
in a few minutes."

He was a native of Virginia and
was connected with a prominent fam-
ily there.

So long as men drop dead in the
act of praising God, the pulpit and
religious press will not mention it,
but let me drop dead just in the midst
of some of my blasphemous utteran-
ces and thousands of pulpits and re-
ligious papers will "bar de news."

HINSHAW TO PREACH AGAIN.

When the Rev. William E. Hinshaw
left the Prison No. 1, free man that
was first to go to his home at Win-
chester and then to engage in reform
work among fallen men. Mr. Hin-
shaw concentrated his life to this
work during his term of imprison-
ment, and confident that he would be
given his liberty, he formulated the
plans which he will now put into
execution.

Mr. Hinshaw will confide his work
largely to the big cities, and he be-
lieves that his prison life will be val-
uable to him in reforming men. Mr.
Hinshaw will not only preach but
he will engage in personal visitations.

The Blue Grass Blade, which has of
late been printed as a two-page half
sheet, has resumed its regular four-
page size. Bro. Moore proposes to
cut down expenses by cutting off the
deadheads from his subscription
list. Why any Liberal should neglect
or refuse to pay for his Liberal pa-
pers is an unsolvable riddle. Of
course there are a few who are un-
able to do so.—Humanitarian Review.

THOUGHT HE WAS GOD.

The Clinch Valley (Va.) News tells
of a man named Absher who was
sent to the laute asylum.

A part of the account says:
"Absher is said to belong to the
Holiness or Pentecost church,
and that his mind became unbalanced
about a week ago. The unfortunate
man seemed to have become possess-
ed with the idea that he was the
living God, and that he had been sent
to take from the rich and give to the
poor, etc."

HON. E. G. COFFIN,

Warden of the Ohio Penitentiary,
When I was a Convict There,

Writes Enthusiastically of Dog Fennel
and Compliments the Blade.

Says He is Not a Member of Any
Church—A Letter That More Than
Pays Me for all I suffered as a Con-
vict.

Springfield, Ohio, Jan. 17, 1905.

Mr. Charles C. Moore:
Dear Sir—I have been going to
write you ever since I returned home
from the pleasant visit I made you
last fall, and thank you and your es-
timable wife for the pleasant manner
in which I was entertained by both
of you during my visit.

I shall never forget the buggy ride
I took with you going from Lexington
to your home and return. And the
interesting manner in which you en-
tertained me in describing the blue-
grass country that I had heard so
much about all my life, and I must
admit that in almost every respect,
it greatly exceeded my expectations
in its greatness.

I presume that there is no other
place on earth where there are such
vast sums of money invested in horse
flesh as there are in the blue-grass
region of Kentucky; and I presume
that there is no place of the same
size on earth where there is more
whisky drank and more people com-
mit suicide and go insane than in the
blue-grass region. If this be true, it
would seem as if whisky, high-bred
horses, and blue-grass were a bad
mixture.

I have read your book entitled Dog
Fennel carefully through, and I am
confident that I got more information
in reading it about the Holy Land,
Rome, and the different other coun-
tries that you visited than from all
the other books I ever read. I con-
sider it one of the most valuable pres-
ents that I ever received. No matter
how bigoted persons may be, they
could not help but be greatly interest-
ed in the reading of this book. Its
composition and description of the
many places you visited make it very
interesting and entertaining from start
to finish, and it should be read
by every man, woman and child, and
I will guarantee that after they are
through reading it, unless they are
possessed of a prejudiced and bigot-
ed mind, they will say that it is one
of the most entertaining and interest-
ing books they ever read. For after doing so,
but it and read it, for after doing so,
but it and read it, for after doing so,

you will feel that you have been am-
ply paid for the money and time ex-
pended!

I read the Blue Grass Blade with a
great deal of interest and pleasure,
and I fully agree with you in almost
all you say in it. There was one
statement in an issue a short time
ago that you made in reference to me
that I challenge you to prove.
That was this: You said that you had
many very warm friends among the
Christian churches, and one of them
was I, who was an old rock-ribbed
Methodist, or much to that effect.
Now sir, if you can find a single man,
woman or child on earth who has let
me know that I belong to any or any
church, I will consent to be sent
back to the penitentiary again to re-
main there the balance of my life.
Now what have you, an old ex-min-
ister of the gospel, got to say to that
for that beats you and goes one bet-
ter.

I suppose that as long as you edit
the Blue Grass Blade you will be mal-
igned and abused by cowardly bigots
—for what? Just because you call
the Holy Bible, and the various re-
ligious organizations claiming it for
their guide.

We must concede the right, un-
questioned, of every one to exercise the
right to criticize in his own way, re-
ligious, political, and on the
temperance question, I consider it a
little cranky. I know that when Pro-
fessor Moore and I were in the Ohio Pen-
itentiary together, that no man in that
institution exercised more moral in-
fluence over its inmates than he, and
his example was such as to lead them
in the right direction, always en-
deavoring to keep us out of trouble,
instead of leading us into it. I vis-
ited that institution a short time ago,
and several of the inmates that were
there when we were here, wanted to
know if I had heard anything from
Uncle Charles Moore. I told them
that I had recently paid him a visit
and how elegantly I was entertained
by him and his estimable wife.

I am reading a work entitled "The
Prehistoric World or Vanished
Races," by E. A. Allen, and he proves
beyond a doubt in my mind, that man
existed a great deal longer than six
thousand years ago, the time fixed by
the Bible and others for the first ex-
istence of man. It is a very interest-
ing book to read, but no compari-
son to Dog Fennel.

Wishing to be remembered to your
wife and family, I am,
Respectfully Yours,
E. G. COFFIN.

—I baptized one of them by the soak-
ing process—and Joe thought I was
I. T.—

But when I kicked out of the traces
and old Helgate—Methodist preacher—
—presented me for "blasphemy
against the Holy Ghost," Joe was the
foreman of the grand jury that in-
dicted me, but in spite of Joe and
old Helgate the ghost got the worst
of the scrimmage—got me in jail for a
little while, but the women sent me
lots of good grub on a silver waiter,
by a nigger waiter, and from that day
to this that ghost can't get credit in
Lexington for a sooner of beer, even
at a Catholic saloon.

That old Catholic chaplain at the
prison was the fattest old devil you
ever saw—six foot one way, seven
foot to the top, and weighed four hundred
pounds, cook so big that he couldn't
pay the tailor and didn't meet half
way round, and being a farmer of a
practical turn of mind I never could
look at him without thinking what
a lot of axle grease I could make out
of him, if I had the management of
him, but he and I were as thick as
any other two thieves and he liked
me because he hated Protestants and
knew that Protestants had sent me
to the penitentiary because I was an
infidel.

All he said, if there is any hell all
preachers and priests are dead so
to go to hell, and Lord, won't there
be fat to fry when that priest gets
there!

Old Bro. Coffin—wooden overcoat—
used to let me go outside just when-
ever I wanted to, and the first time
he said that priest he was riding up
street on a bicycle, and I thought he
was an advertisement for that brand
of bicycle and that his priestly clothes
were a part of the joke.

Once there was a rabbit, but he
lived along with them "Uncle Bern-
ard" and his "Brer Rabbit" were born.

This rabbit I am talking about was
a real old rabbit when I was born,
going on 68 years ago. That rabbit
that I am talking about kept on mus-
tling up an old man's spring just for
pure devilment.

Old man's little boy fixed a "tar
baby" for that rabbit ask your grand-
daddy what a tar baby is; I'm a
hurry and I have got to go feed the
cows and turkeys—and the little boy
caught that rabbit and he said to that
rabbit "Dam your old head carved hob-
tail soul, I am going to skin you and
cook you."

And the rabbit he said, "Oh, hell, I
don't care a damn about being skinned
as long as I can get my grub, 'Oh, hell,
I don't care a damn about being skinned
as long as I can get my grub."

And the rabbit was so mad he
slung that rabbit in the briar bushes,
and the rabbit said, "Good-bye little
boy I was born and raised in the
briar bushes," and I never think
about old Rucker and old Thompson
sending me to a penitentiary, I go for
that Brother Coffin had charge of that
brother Coffin had charge of that
brother Coffin had charge of that

X-Warden Coffin is himself an au-
thor, and has a fine library and is a
reading man and is a good orator old
his tribute to Dog Fennel is more for
it than columns of the lying and rot
it than columns of the lying and rot
it than columns of the lying and rot

I paid to print, when nobody about
the office ever read the book, but
the criticism of the book is written
by the fellow, man or woman, who
wrote it and paid for by the man who
publishes it.

When Rucker and Thompson have
been in hell a hundred years—the
other member of their trinity is there
from coming into the "pen"—the only
pen that's "nighther than the sword"
—but the old warden held him down,
as that chaplain was one of the mil-
lions of Confederate Colonels that
"Sonny Booth" stepped to fight the
Yanks—with their tongues.

That old Colonel Gardis was a heap
ranker Catholic than the Catholic
priest who was chaplain there also.
There were so many Catholics in
the penitentiary there that they had
to have an extra chaplain for them
and a special church for them, and
a place where they could fix up the
Virgin Mary and old Joe and the bal-
ance of that family and their candles
and all the balance of their wax
works, and that old cock was in the
church and stole in the same way
with the Virgin Mary.

Old Gardis had been the president
of seven national banks in New Or-
leans and stole all the money out
of every damned one of them, and be-
ing national banks they got him into
a national penitentiary.

Old Gardis lived in the midst of all
that beaaswax and always reminded
me of an old king bumble bee.

Old Gardis was a great admirer of
Joe Woodcock, a Confederate Colonel
in Lexington and was a boss Camp-
bellite. When I was a preacher Joe
was one of my parishioners and most
devoted admirers.

I had money and fine clerical
clothes—coat with a tail as long as
an Irishman's at Donnybrook fair
—and Joe had a lot of the prettiest
young women folk who ever saw

—I had money and fine clerical
clothes—coat with a tail as long as
an Irishman's at Donnybrook fair
—and Joe had a lot of the prettiest
young women folk who ever saw

—I had money and fine clerical
clothes—coat with a tail as long as
an Irishman's at Donnybrook fair
—and Joe had a lot of the prettiest
young women folk who ever saw

—I had money and fine clerical
clothes—coat with a tail as long as
an Irishman's at Donnybrook fair
—and Joe had a lot of the prettiest
young women folk who ever saw

—I had money and fine clerical
clothes—coat with a tail as long as
an Irishman's at Donnybrook fair
—and Joe had a lot of the prettiest
young women folk who ever saw

—I had money and fine clerical
clothes—coat with a tail as long as
an Irishman's at Donnybrook fair
—and Joe had a lot of the prettiest
young women folk who ever saw

—I had money and fine clerical
clothes—coat with a tail as long as
an Irishman's at Donnybrook fair
—and Joe had a lot of the prettiest
young women folk who ever saw

—I had money and fine clerical
clothes—coat with a tail as long as
an Irishman's at Donnybrook fair
—and Joe had a lot of the prettiest
young women folk who ever saw

—I had money and fine clerical
clothes—coat with a tail as long as
an Irishman's at Donnybrook fair
—and Joe had a lot of the prettiest
young women folk who ever saw

—I had money and fine clerical
clothes—coat with a tail as long as
an Irishman's at Donnybrook fair
—and Joe had a lot of the prettiest
young women folk who ever saw

—I had money and fine clerical
clothes—coat with a tail as long as
an Irishman's at Donnybrook fair
—and Joe had a lot of the prettiest
young women folk who ever saw

—I had money and fine clerical
clothes—coat with a tail as long as
an Irishman's at Donnybrook fair
—and Joe had a lot of the prettiest
young women folk who ever saw

—I had money and fine clerical
clothes—coat with a tail as long as
an Irishman's at Donnybrook fair
—and Joe had a lot of the prettiest
young women folk who ever saw

brought forward a list of books
which the Committee had agreed to
to purchase at a cost not exceeding
\$100.00. Dr. Lilley moved the ap-
proval of the minute. He said the books
had been discussed with great candor
and he was glad to be surrounded by
such a body of intelligent laymen as
they had in this Committee. The list
was read the work of one man but of
the whole Committee. Ballie Thom-
son seconded. Mr. J. M. Mann moved
as an amendment that the part of
the minute excluding Dog Fennel in
the Orient be not approved. Mr.
McLeod seconded the amendment for
the sake of discussion. Dr. Lilley
said the laymen of the Committee
had dealt with the book in question.
Neither he nor Mr. Scott had used
any undue influence in the matter.
Ballie Thompson, Mr. Jack, Mr.
Smith and Mr. Calder, who had read
the book, spoke very strongly in its
condemnation. Mr. McLeod said that
after what he had heard he withdrew
his second of the motion. The
Chairman said he would vote against
the book of the kind referred to. Dr.
Lilley's motion was then agreed to
unanimously, and the minute was
adopted.

A note from Mr. Addison is as fol-
lows: "I am credibly informed that
of these intelligent laymen read the
book. I shall kick around a little if
the Guide allows. You would think,
from the report, that the book was
obscene. I have lots of applications
for it already."

That Committee has done the very
best thing that they could have done
to advertise the book. They are a set
of religious cranks and if they had
recommended the book, nobody but a
few like themselves would have care-
d to read it.

Now there will be many people
who will be curious to see a book
that religious cranks did not want
them to see.

PROTESTANT WOMAN
TURNS INFIDEL

A Lie Nailed on a Catholic Religious
Editor.

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 12, 1905.
C. C. Moore, Editor Blue Grass Blade,
Lexington, Ky.:

Brother Moore—I enclose you two
clippings taken from the Evening
Bulletin.

One is headed "Sees God in war."
You have often said, in your paper,
that the preachers love war and here
is a preacher who substantiates what
you say.

He says that at this time, there is
something that must be done by force.

There are certainly a good num-
ber of preachers following his exam-
ple.

A woman was telling me, the other
day about the grandstander who
sent me the priest to make her first
communion, and she came back cry-
ing and saying Father — had in-
sulted her.

When she got through telling me
about it she said (little too tough for
print—Editor) and I said
"Amen."

She herself is a Protestant, and
she likes your way of showing them
up, and will soon be converted into
our ranks a full-fledged infidel.

She tried to get the Catholics to
talk about the church that was burn-
ed, and about which you showed
them up in your paper, so nicely, re-
spected, and called them liars, and
dared them to try to prove that they
were not. I showed them what you
wrote, and all I could get out of them
was a grunt and a shrug of the
shoulders. Yours truly,

On the Blade—"Does Him Good to be
Damned."

Lake Killarney, N. S., Jan. 10, 1905.
Dear Father Moore:

Please find enclosed \$1.00 to pay
subscription. I am behind and slow
but I am sure to come at some time.
It does my old soul good to get a
real good damning once in a while, it
wakes me up.

I am giving the Blade away to
some friends that would read it and
it has been the means of their send-
ing for it.

It is just right. There are no bugs
on the Blade.

I want to ask you some questions
about the "Holy Land."

Did you see anything of that angel
that went down to and troubled the waters
so that whoever first thereafter step-
ped in was made whole of whatsoever
disease he had?

It is at Jerusalem, by a sheep mar-
ket. If you saw anything of him tell
us, through the Blade about him.

I would like to know something
about him. If you don't see him
yourself did you see anybody that had
seen him? If the angel has stopped
coming what has been the cause of
it? Has the angel died or has there
been a change of government so that
he got his discharge.

Maybe he has been clubbed out of
heaven to make another devil for

the church. The Catholic ed-

itorial in an editorial, in which he spoke
of himself as "I," like I do in the
Blade, said that the account as writ-
ten to the Chicago paper was true
and that he himself had witnessed
the fact about the was figures.
I printed it all and said that editor
was a liar and defied him to try to
prove what he had said, and I asked
some patrons of the Blade, in Phila-
delphia, to investigate it and write
me about it and this is the first an-
swer I have gotten and there may be
others.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

EXCURSION TICKETS NOW ON SALE AT REDUCED RATES TO
NEW ORLEANS, LA., HAVANA, CUBA,
HOT SPRINGS, ARK.,
CITY OF MEXICO, CALIFORNIA,

AND MANY OTHER POINTS WITH LIBERAL STOP OVERTS AND RE-
TURN LIMITS.

Only line running through personally conducted sleepers, Louisville to
Texas, Arizona and California.

Reduced one-way Colonist and home seekers' excursion rates to points
South and West, first and third Tuesdays in each month.

FARMING IN THE SOUTH.

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company is
issuing monthly circulars concerning fruit growing, vegetable gardening,
stock raising, dairying, etc., in the States of Kentucky, West Tennessee,
Mississippi and Louisiana. Every Farmer or Homeseeker, who will for-
ward his name and address to the undersigned, will be mailed free. Circulars
Nos. 1 to 11 inclusive, and others as they are published from month to
month.

Call on or address nearest railroad Agent, or address,
F. W. HARLOW

DIVISION PASSENGER AGENT, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

GO SOUTHWEST

Like Time and Tide, the Great South-
west awaits no man; but it's a heap
easier to get aboard at the instant of
starting than to contend with the ele-
ment of momentum later.

Let us give you the details of this
new country's rapid growth, and your
chance to grow up with it. Illustrated
literature free.

RATES SOUTHWEST
CUT ALMOST IN TWO

Dec. 6 & 20, 1904-Jan. 3 & 17, 1905

GEO. H. LEE, G. P. A. Little Rock, Ark.

H. I. McGUIRE, D. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass. Trg. Mgr., Chicago, Ill.

tor in an editorial, in which he spoke
of himself as "I," like I do in the
Blade, said that the account as writ-
ten to the Chicago paper was true
and that he himself had witnessed
the fact about the was figures.
I printed it all and said that editor
was a liar and defied him to try to
prove what he had said, and I asked
some patrons of the Blade, in Phila-
delphia, to investigate it and write
me about it and this is the first an-
swer I have gotten and there may be
others.

I have done things like this over
and over again but it never hurts
any Christian to be exposed for lying.
If he is "lying for the glory of God,"
he is a hypocrite and a liar.

A Catholic priest is the biggest
liar on earth except a Protestant
preacher. Campbellites leading the
procession and driving the band wa-
gon.

"NO BUGS

On the Blade—"Does Him Good to be
Damned."

Lake Killarney, N. S., Jan. 10, 1905.
Dear Father Moore:

Please find enclosed \$1.00 to pay
subscription. I am behind and slow
but I am sure to come at some time.
It does my old soul good to get a
real good damning once in a while, it
wakes me up.

I am giving the Blade away to
some friends that would read it and
it has been the means of their send-
ing for it.

It is just right. There are no bugs
on the Blade.

I want to ask you some questions
about the "Holy Land."

Did you see anything of that angel
that went down to and troubled the waters
so that whoever first thereafter step-
ped in was made whole of whatsoever
disease he had?

It is at Jerusalem, by a sheep mar-
ket. If you saw anything of him tell
us, through the Blade about him.

I would like to know something
about him. If you don't see him
yourself did you see anybody that had
seen him? If the angel has stopped
coming what has been the cause of
it? Has the angel died or has there
been a change of government so that
he got his discharge.

Maybe he has been clubbed out of
heaven to make another devil for

the church. The Catholic ed-

itorial in an editorial, in which he spoke
of himself as "I," like I do in the
Blade, said that the account as writ-
ten to the Chicago paper was true
and that he himself had witnessed
the fact about the was figures.
I printed it all and said that editor
was a liar and defied him to try to
prove what he had said, and I asked
some patrons of the Blade, in Phila-
delphia, to investigate it and write
me about it and this is the first an-
swer I have gotten and there may be
others.

I have done things like this over
and over again but it never hurts
any Christian to be exposed for lying.
If he is "lying for the glory of God,"
he is a hypocrite and a liar.

A Catholic priest is the biggest
liar on earth except a Protestant
preacher. Campbellites leading the
procession and driving the band wa-
gon.

"NO BUGS

some other world, to help God in
plan of creation and the plan
vation to kill him when he goes
as the only begotten son of
the world.

No; that angel
As at the pool of Bethesda, and
gone back to heaven and, I suppose,
has taken the pool with him, for it
cannot be found there now.

That is one of the New Testament
stories that no guide, Mohammedan
or Christian, at Jerusalem knows, or
even pretends to know anything
about. There are a plenty of sheep
and goat markets there, but nobody
there knows anything about the pool
of Bethesda, though all the other Bi-
ble pools are there and I suppose
they play pool.

That story of the pool of Bethesda
(John 5: 2-9) is now recognized, even
by orthodox Christians, as being an
interpolation.

McGavrey, a Campbellite authority
in Lexington, gave me the first in-
formation to that effect 40 years ago.
But annotations in my big Bible say
that the pool was seen in 1611 cov-
ered with the ruins of buildings.

That is probably just a Christian
lie to account for the fact that no
such place can be found there now.

I knew before I was in Jerusalem
that the guides do not pretend to
know where it is now, but I either
forgot to ask them about it or did
not do so, because if you catch them
in too many Bible lies they are apt
to shut down on you and not talk to
you.

It may have been that that angel
anticipated the coming of Mrs. Eddy,
and Christian science, and saw that
there was no further use for his job,
and so moved his spring back to
heaven. I think the "change in
government" that you suggest is the
explanation of the disappearance of
that angel and his pool.

The Mohammedans took all that
country away from the Christians
about A. D. 650.

The Mohammedans believe the Old
Testament is true, but they don't
think any New Testament in theirs,
and while they let the old Jew angels
and pools and things still do business
at the same old stands they do make
that angel that was running a pool
room at Bethesda move out and take
his pool along with him because he
was a Christian angel and would not
pay pool room license to Mohammed.